



# as The pleasaunt and fine

conceited Comœdie of two Italian Gentlemen,  
with the merie deuises of  
Captaine Crack-stone.

Actus prima.

Scena prima.

Enter Fortunio and Captaine Crack-stone, Fortunio  
shewing very sad countenance.

**H**E that discloseth to a friend the secrets of his minde:  
Doth rob him selfe of libertie, besides we dayly finde,  
That others counsels wil by such in euery eare be blowen:  
As haue no power when time requires, to smother all their  
Heaue and sad thow fesse I am, but why my hart is soze: (olone  
Of curtesie content thy selfe and aske me that no more.

Fortunio

¶ Heaue in deed and as heaue as lead,  
Either it is some of these same bremy quauers, or some kinde of  
pricklong that runnes in his head. (rye of a Captaine

Crack-  
stone.

Heare you Maister Fortunio, by the honoz of a Soldier, by the glo-  
By all the Poleaxes and tormenters, that these hands haue slain,  
Do but scoure your minde to mee, and shut vp your grief:

Either Ile finde you some ease, or you shalbe hangd for a thief.

You knowe I am a good fellowe, nothing venture nothing haue,  
If I had not put my carcass to the gibbet, I had not been thus braue.  
So now, if you venture not to shewe some trusty body your minde:  
It will be very long ere the dresler you finde.

And so peraduenture you shall neuer be sped: (bed.

For when the Cooke is out of the way, you must goe supperlesse to

¶ How findeth he redresse, that breakes his minde vnto a hole?

Fortunio.

Or what is leard, where folly sets the wiser sorte to schoole?

# A Pleasant Comedie

Yet sith he bzaues it with the best, in enery company:  
And knowes where euery gallant loues, and sees the remedy,  
I will not stick to let him knowe the secrets of my hart:  
And make him partner of my pain, and pziue to my smart.  
Doe you knowe Victoria?

Crack-  
Stone. ¶ Doe not I knowe her? what think yee? (tance with mee:  
As though ere a proper gentlewoman in Naples were out of quain:

Fortunio. ¶ Her haue I seen of late, and often by her windowe past:  
From which shee let a letter fall, which taking vp in hast,  
I read, and found within describde the frantique fits of lone:  
Whether it were for mee, or any els I cannot pzooue.  
Whether she faine and baite her hookes the simple to beguile:  
Cannot be found, till wit by line haue measured euery wile.  
I knowe she loued Fedele once, before he went to Spain:  
And meanes perhaps to loue him still, sith hee's returnd again.  
Doe thou but sift him for my sake, and haunt out his desire:  
And doubtles thou shalt haue of mee, thy Captains pay for hire.

Crack-  
Stone. ¶ If this be all Sir, let mee alone,  
About your businesse you may be gone.  
I will seele Signior Fedeles minde very cunningly:  
And return you an answer of this gear presently.

Fortunio. ¶ Gramercie, be trustye.

Crack-st. ¶ As trustye as Steele:  
I haue no fault but one, I am somewhat short in the heele.

Fortunio. ¶ Mi raccomando.

Crack-st. ¶ Basilius Codpiece for an olde Manus,  
You shall not haue her at rack and maunger I trowe:  
Somewhat by this for mine owne proportion I knowe.  
When two bones are at strife for a dog, it is commonly sen:  
That the third comes and takes it, and wipes their mouthes cleen.  
I mean as you see mee in this bzaualitie:  
To be a suter to Victoria with all profigalitie. (while:  
I brought Butter and Cheese hether to vittaille the Camp a great  
Many times I would nick them of their measure,  
and the Soldiers beguile.  
Like a crafty knaue, by this meanes I got so much gain:  
That I bought this apparell of a Captain that was slain.  
And wearing the same abroad as you see:

Exit

The



of two Italian Gentlemen.

The Soldiers all the towne ouer, make a Captain of mee.  
 One calles mee Captain Chesse, an other Captain Crust:  
 An other braue Crack-stone, take which name ye lust.  
 The Gentlemen are euery one glad of my company: (mery.  
 Because I haue such a wilde woyme in my hed, as makes them all  
 The women they loue mee, Victoria is chesse:  
 But shee hath been somewhat strange of late, therfore to be bresse,  
 I thought some strawes were in the pad, that shee lookt so coy:  
 But now haue at her again, with a fresh hed in my toy.  
 I will first vnderpzoyn Sir Fedele his minde to vnderstand:  
 See good luck, his Schoolmaister and her Maide are at hand.  
 As bothe of them friendly together doe walke:  
 I will sneke into a corner and hearken to their talke. Step aside,

Actus prima

Scena secunda.

Enter Pedante the Parasite, attired in a gown and cap  
 like a Schoolmaister, and with him Attilia.

I Pray you maister Schoolmaister let me be gone:  
 I haue halfe on my way, Ile be at home again anone.

Attilia.

¶ Sweet hart and bag pudding goe you so swiftly?  
 Haue with you then, doe ye lack any company?

Pedante.

¶ In faith Sir no.

Attilia.

¶ I pray you tell me one thing befoze you parte,

Pedante.

I think you be somewhat wether wise by your arte.

Doe you knowe me by acquaintance, or gesse you by aime?

That you hit so right on my office in stead of my name?

¶ I haue seen you befoze if I am not beguilde:

(childe, Attilia.

You haue been Schoolmaister to maister Fedele euer since he was a

¶ True sweet hart, but I pray thee be not angry with mee:

Pedante.

But giue me leaue a little while to moue a question to thee.

What is your name, and where doe you dwell?

¶ Hofte, there lay a strawe, that will I not tell.

Attilia.

Alas poe Attilia, what meanes he by this?

If I stay with him long, my mistres Victoria her seruant will misse.

About your busines good Sir, I pray you get you away:

I purpose not to tell you my name this day.

¶ Be not so strange faire Lady, I knowe your name very well, Pedante.

And the name of your mistres, and the place where you dwell.

By,

At.

A Pleasant Comedie

Attilia. If you doe, much good doe it you, I can tary no longer:  
 Pedante. Then I perceiue I shall be driuen to try who is the stronger.  
 I shall tell you one thing if it please you to stay: (stop her.

Attilia. Speak your minde quickly, a word and away,  
 Pedante. Be not angry I beseech you, to hear that is true,  
 You are the fairest Creature that euer I did vie to.

Attilia. What followes of this?  
 Pedante. I like you, and loue you, befoze all the  
 Creatures that euer I knew,

Attilia. What ill luck is this? I see nothing that makes me to loue and  
 Pedante. You might if you triue me, for I come of the smiters: (like you.

Attilia. Great barkers are none of the greatest biters.

Pedante. Good mistres Attilia, because you haue haste:  
 I will talke with you more, when your busines is past.  
 If I can be spared from my Maister so long, soon at night:  
 I will resorte to your house, and lay my meaning wide  
 open befoze your sight.

Attilia. Farwel Sir Pedante, look you be not too quick: Exit.  
 Pedante. What a drunken wooer am I that gaue her neuer a like,  
 This salles out pat for my Maister Fedele, and comes in the nick.  
 By cogging and counterfainting loue, as you see:  
 If Attilia be so mad, as to like and loue mee,  
 By her all the Juggling osher mistres I shall knowe:  
 And finde whether any new comers,  
 haue set my Maister beside the cushion or no.

Crack-  
 Bone. This is as excrement for my proposition as salt is to pease,  
 Soon at night like the Schoolmaister will I be at it.  
 First come, first ser'd, if the maid be so friendly to let me in:  
 Then Ha Ha Ha, the battaile will beginne.  
 With that Magnanimousstrelkie and mercy, that in mee doth lye:  
 Ile make a conflict of the Mistres, and let the maid goe.  
 Farewell seely Schoolmaister.

Pedante. this Inuination is not found in his Aduerb I trowe. Exit.  
 These tidings wilbe ioyfull to my maister I am sure,  
 Who for loue of Victoria suffers many a sharp shouer:  
 Enter Fe-  
 dele. Loe where he comes walking by him selfe alone,  
 With his head full of thoughts, and his hart full of mone.  
 Nowe by your wittes Sir, what are you a sleep?

Reuer

of two Italian Gentlemen.

Neuer be so base minded to a woman to creep.  
See, see, your cap on your head, good manners forgot,  
Now you are come to your owne swing, you knowe me not.  
Do your dutie to your maister, good nurture is best:  
*In via virtutis non progredi, regredi est.*

¶ Alas my care so closeth vp my sight:

Fedele.

That all is lost, wherin I should delight.

¶ You knowe that it may be said of me, which was said of Vlisses, Pedante.

*Multorum hominum mores qui vidit et vrbes.*

Wherefore if you desire mee your cares to releue:

The best counsell I can, to you I will giue.

¶ You knowe Victoria is the cause of all my secret smart:

Fedele.

Victoriaes beautie is the worme, that gnawes me to the hart.

What counsaile now?

¶ Did not I teach you long agoe out of tragicall Seneca:

Pedante.

His golden saying, *duo omnium malorum foemina?*

Did I not cause you with your pen in the margent of your book,  
to marke that place:

And yet will you be twoting on a beautifull face?

Which no other wise vanisheth, and away doth goe:

Then water, that neuer returnes to the spring,  
from whence it did flowe.

Beautie is so tickle a foundation to bear any frame:

And loue so vncertain, that it throwes the house on his hed  
that built the same.

Whereupon I gaue you a good lesson of olde:

Euery letter therof would be written in Golde.

*Quod inuat exiguum est, plus est quod laedit amantes:*

They knowe what I mean that are versificautes

¶ If this colde comfort in my need, be all that I shall haue:

Fedele.

Out of my sight. No succour at thy handes I mean to craue.

¶ *Adultus Iuuenis tandem custode remoto:*

Pedante.

*Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper.*

The right course of the world, now he runnes vpon wheeles:

Had I knowen this when you were a boy,

I would haue hamperd your heeles.

It were a good deed to set all your fortune at euen and od:

And let you alone till you are beaten with your owne rod.

Wit.

But



A Pleasant Comœdie

But the loue that I bear to you euery day:  
Will not suffer me to see this good witte cast away.  
Some tidings I haue for you, therfore be not afraid:  
I am growen in acquaintance with Victoriaes maid.  
By whome I trust in the end to knowe:  
What Suters to her Distres resoꝛte too and fro.  
If no body els do folloꝛue the game:

Fedele.

The spark that you left in her brest, will break out in a flame.  
¶ Thanks good Pedante, get thee home and leaue me heer a space:  
To trye if I may meet with faire Victoria in this place.

Pedante.

¶ I knowe where to prick that the vaine may bleed:  
See how faire he doth speak, when his humour I feed.

Fedele.

This passeth Prosodia, Sintaxis and all,  
Tis the way to my profit to stop to his call. Exit.  
¶ Heer was I want to meet with her, and heer I mean to walke:  
And sound her meaning if I may, by mouing her to talke.

Victoria setteth open the Casement of her windowe and with  
her Lute in her hand playeth, and singeth this dittie.

Victoria.

I flooue be like the flower that in the night,  
When darknes drownes the glory of the Skyes:  
Smelles sweet, and glitters in the gazers sight,  
But when the gladfome Sun beginnes to rise,  
And he that viewes it, would the same embrace:  
It withereth, and looseth all his grace.

Why doo I looue and like the cursed Tree,  
Whose buddes appeer, but fruite will not be seen:  
Why doo I languish for the flower I see?  
Whose root is rot, when all the leaues be green.  
In such a case it is a point of skill:  
To followe chaunce, and looue against my will.

Speake.

Ah poꝛ Victoria, heer it was thy guise,  
To stand and see Fortunio passing by:  
Whose lonely shape hath caught me by mine eyes,  
And meanes to make me prisoner while I dye.  
To gaze on him was life to mee before:  
His absence death, because I see no more.

of two Italian Gentlemen.

**F** Oh greedy loue that neuer feeleth glut,  
How haue I boasted of Victoriaes grace?  
With feare at last from fauour to be shut,  
And lose the light of such a shining face?

Fedele.

Shall neither teares, nor toyle, nor broken sleep:  
Haue force enough a Ladies loue to keep?

**F** And hath Fortunio now forgot the way.  
Which by my windowe learnd of late to walke:  
See the disturber of my peace this day,  
Fedele comes to proffer mee some talke.

Victoria.

With hee is heere, his patience I will proue:  
Whome for Fortunios sake I cannot loue.

**F** I serue a Mistres whiter then the snowe,  
Straighter then Cedar, brighter then the Glasse:  
Finer in trip and swifter then the Roe,  
More pleasant then the field of flowering Grasse.

Fedele.

More gladsome to my withering Ioyes that fade:  
Then Winters Sun, or Summers cooling shade,  
Sweeter then swelling grape of ripest wine,  
Softer then feathers of the fairest Swan:  
Smoother then Jet, more stately then the Pine,  
Fresher then Poplar, smaller then my span.

Clearer then Beauties fiery pointed beam:  
Or the cruste of Christalles frozen stream.  
Yet is shee curster then the Beare by kinde,  
And harder harted then the aged Dike:  
More glib then Dyle, more sickle then the winde,  
Stiffer then Steele, no sooner bent but broke.

Loe thus my seruice is a lasting soze:  
Yet will I serue although I dye therfore.

Enter Victoria.

**F** Now must I either fode him off with fained curtesie:  
Or els be coy in talke, to rid mee of his company.  
Sir Fedele well met, and so farwell, I must away:  
My busines is such as will not suffer me to staye.

Victoria.  
Shee offreth  
to departe  
& he stay-

**M**istres Victoria: let vs haue one word before yee goe, eth her.  
Oh loue, oh death, betwéen you bothe, vouchsafe to rid my woe.

Fedele.

**F** A wonder sure it is to see, how gentlemen complain:

Victoria.

What

- A Pleasant Comodie -

What cark, what care, what hell on earth, for women they sustain.  
 Your peace is war, your sleep is watching, and your ease is toyle:  
 Your life is death, your mirth is mone, and your successe a foyle.  
 These wordes are blde for ornaments to beautifie your stile:  
 And these I think you followe, poore Victoria to beguile.

Fedele.

¶ If for your sake alone, more then for any other dame:  
 I were not thus tormented, then, I graunt I were to blame.

Victoria.

But sith your golden graces are the cause of all my græse:  
 Giue eare and credit to my plaint, and yeld me some reliefe.

¶ If this be true, why did you part: and stay so long in Spain:  
 Delay breeds losse, either I thought you would not come again.

O: els that change of company would alter your delight,  
 And absence put me out of minde, that shut me out of sight.

Fedele.

Did not I say, that your departure would my death procure?

Victoria.

¶ You did.

Fedele.

¶ And could you make me then to feele so sharp a shewe:

¶ Næd hathe no lawe, the matter toucht my land and life so neer:

That I was forste against my will, to stay no longer heer.

But sith I haue dispatcht, according to mine owne desire:

Loe heer I am to serue you still, in bitter frost, or fier.

Actus prima.

Scena tertia,

Enter Attilia, Maid to Mistresse Victoria, with Pamphila,  
 Maid to Mistres Virginia, and Medusa the Enchantresse  
 with her box of enchantments vnder her arme.

Victoria.

**D**eparte Fedele for this time, come to me soon at night,  
 I will consider better of your plaint and heauie plight.

My maid and other company both please into this place:

It were not good to make them all, acquainted with your case.

Fedele.

¶ A thousand thanks, this in your ear, let that the token be, Exit.

Victoria.

¶ I knowe your meaning Sir, farwell, referre the rest to mee.

Alas poore soule, he little knowes, how colde a sute he hathe,

He must be dallyed with a while, for fear of after scathe.

Attilia.

¶ And must you seek Fedele out?

Pamphila.

¶ I must.

Attilia.

¶ But to what end?

Pamphila.

¶ To craue of cartesie, that he would stand my Mistres friend.

Mistres



of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ Mistres Virginia:

¶ The same.

¶ In what matter I pray.

¶ Thats counsaile vnto you, I must not euery thing bewray.  
And yet by her, so bitter is the taste of loue, I finde:

That gall were sweeter to the mouth, and better to the minde.

¶ I haue the Hare on foot.

¶ But knoe we you where Fedele is?

¶ Him at his house, or walking in the street you shall not misse.

¶ Farewell, I will goe seek him straight.

¶ Yet finde him not too soon:

Alas poore soule, her sute is colde before it be begun,  
Loe heer the common fault of loue, to followe her that flies:  
And flye from her that makes pursuite, with loud lamenting cryes,  
Fedele loues Victoria, and shee hath him forgot:

Virginia likes Fedele best, and hee regards her not.

¶ A foolish loue, and louers that look not to their state,

But swimme against the tide, and then repent when tis too late.

If wee could learne to seek to them, that vnto vs doe sue:

The match were made, and wee should haue no cause at all to rue.

When wee be coy, and holde our friends aloofe at cap and knee:

The Mart is made, and euery eye our folly then doth see.

¶ What talke you there Attilia?

¶ No hurt at all to you.

¶ What newes?

¶ Good, sweet, and ioyfull newes, Mistres I bring you now.

¶ Hast thou met with Fortunio?

¶ Not so.

¶ Then what's the newes?

¶ As I was walking through the streets alone:

Deuising how to finde a remedie to cure your mone,

I met Medusa with her box and trinkets as you see:

Whose cunning shortly shall deuise, the way to set you free.

¶ No way without Fortunio.

¶ Fortunio you shall haue:

¶ Be not afraid therfore in this: this womans aide to craue.

Shee can enchant, and worke wunders, by Magicks learned art:

Shee can with wordes, with charmes and hearbes, giue you Fortu-  
nioes hart.

Attilia.

Pamphil.

Attilia.

Pamphil.

Attilia.

Pamphila.

Exit. Attilia.

Pamphila.

Attilia.

Medusa.

Victoria.

Attilia.

Victoria.

Attilia.

Victoria.

Attilia.

Victoria.

Attilia.

Victoria.

Attilia.

A Pleasant Comcedie

Make much of her.

Victoria. ¶ Ah soyle, I knowe that loue is such a passion of the minde:  
As neither Ayre Sprites can rule, nor force of Magick binde.

Attilia. ¶ Yet trye her cunning, sith that I haue brought her into place,

Victoria. ¶ Medusa, will thy drugges procure a pining louer grace?

Medusa. ¶ Mistres, they will.

Victoria. ¶ Open thy box and let me see thy store:

Let me haue that shall pleasure me, Ile pay thee well therfore.

Medusa. ¶ Heer is an Egge of a black Hen, a quill pluckt from a Crowe,  
Who with this pen wytes on this Egge, a charme y I doe knowe  
And names the party whome they like: the same shall loue again,  
What think you of this remedye?

Attilia. ¶ This remedye is vain.

Look farther yet into your box, some other medicin proue:  
Because my Mistres cares not for the single iuice of loue.  
She craueth more, shee must enioy the party shee desires:

Victoria. ¶ Fye, holde thy peace.

Attilia. ¶ Els hath shee not the thing that shee requires.

Medusa. ¶ Loe heer a spanfull of a Virgins milke,  
Incorporated with a peece of dolewe:  
Powdred with cinders of fine Spanish Silke,  
And steeped in the licquor of a Slowe.

On thone side write Venus and Cupids name:

On thother his that lou'd, then take the same

And broyle it on the coales vnto a crust,

Basting it well with hony dropes and oyle:

Giue it to him you loue, to kindle lust,

And then your sute shall neuer suffer foyle.

This will so binde the gallant whome you chouse:

That he shall nere him selfe heerafter lose.

Attilia. ¶ All this is to no purpose, yet me thinks you are too wide:

What pleasure can my Mistres haue so long as he is tied?

Victoria. ¶ Shee meanes not tied in hand or foot, but bound to be my slave:

In all the seruices and duties that I mean to craue.

Medusa. ¶ Heere are two hartes, the one was taken out of a black Cat:

The other from a Pigion: heer is the blood of a Batte.

Heere is a peece of Virgin ware, heere is an inchaunted Bean,

To make you goe inuisible,

of two Italian Gentlemen.

**V**ou knowe not what I mean.

Victoria.  
Attilia.

**T**hese thinges are pretty, but they are not for my Mistres fit,  
For if she be inuisible, I pray what profits it?

She shall beholdethe man, whome she delighteth moste to see:  
But beeing hid: she neuer can enioye his companye.  
Yet shewe vs more.

Medusa.

**H**er's thinges will make men melt in fittes of loue,  
A wanton Coates bzaime, and the Liver of a purple Dove.  
A Cockes eye, and a Capons spurre, the left legge of a Quail:  
A Goose bill, and a Ganders tung, a mounting Eagles tayle.  
But sith they must be taken in thincreasing of the Mone:  
Before the rising of the Sun, or when the same is down.  
And closely wrapt in Virgin parchment on a Fryday night:  
I will not trouble you with these.

**O**f more lets haue a sight.

Victoria.  
Medusa.

**H**er is the Image of a man, made out in Virgin ware,  
Which beeing prickt, or toasted in the flame of burning flare.  
Hee that you loue shall come and throwe him selfe before your feet:  
More humble then a Lambe, to do what you shall think is meet.

**A**d that is it.

Victoria.  
Attilia.

**T**his is it must do my Mistres good:

By Images it must be wrought, Loue is a holy Rod.

**W**e must withdraue our selues aside, and worke it out of sight: Medusa.

**E**nter my house, the Sun is set, & now begins the night. Exeunt Victoria.

The first Act beeing ended, the Conforte of Musique  
foundeth a pleasant Galliard.

Actus secunda.

Scena prima.

Enter Captain Crack-stone, disguised like a Schoolmaister, in  
the apparell of Pedante., with a book in his hand.

**S**oft, for it is night, I must not make any noyse I trowe:  
He thinks this apparell makes me learnd,  
which of all these Starres doe I knowe.

Crack-  
stone.

Ponder is the green Dog, and the blew Beare,  
Harry Horners Girdle, and the Lyons eare.  
He thinkes I should spolt Lattin before I beware,

C. ij.

Argus.



A Pleasant Comoedie

Argus mecum inputare?  
Cur Canis tollit poplitem,  
Cum mingit in parietem?

Alice tittle tattle Mistres Victoriaes Maid:

If I speake like the Scholmaister, shee will neuer be afraid.

As soon as she opens the dore to let mee in:

With my Ropericall aliquanci I will begin.

Swinum, Velum, Porcum. Graye-gooseforum iostibus:

Enter Fede Rentibus dentibus, losadishibus, come after vs.

le and Pe- I haue berayed my selfe I think with speaking so high:

Ante. This is Sir Fedele that is so high.

Till he be past it were not good for mee to appere:

Wherefore Ile slip into the Temple,

and hide me in the Tombe that standeth heere.

Fedele. ¶ How straunge it is, that when I should reioyce,

A chilling feare doth slit through euery vaine:

And when I hope to heare Victoriaes voice,

Doubt throwes me downe into dispaire again.

The comfort that she gaue me, was so colde:

That for my life I dare not be too bolde.

Pedante. ¶ Degeneres animos timor arguit,

faint hart neuer wun faire Lady they say:

And Amor odit inertes, take that by the way.

Seeing shee appointed this time, forward with a courage,

neuer stand you in doubt:

Imagination many times fetcheth wunders about.

Not because it changeth the course of the thing you would finde:

Fedele. But because it doth rule and gouern the minde.

¶ I shiuer still, come beare me company,

Antill thou seest mee nearer to the dore:

Thy spech doth giue me comfort mightily,

And egges me on vnto it more and more.

Pedante. ¶ Andate allegramente, you are right vnder her windowe now:

What shall I do, will you haue me to leane you?

Fedele. ¶ Not so, but stay vntill thou seest me in:

To giue the signe I purpose to begin.

Heer let him either taste a Flute or whistle, at the sound where-  
of: Victoria comes to the windowe, and throwes out a letter,  
which

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

which Fedele taketh vp, and reades it at the lamp which burneth in the Temple.

What meaneth this: a letter: woe is mee,

Where shall I read it: light within the Temple I doe see.

¶ This græting me thinkes is none of the best:

Pedante.

I see by his countenaunce he likes not the rest.

¶ Ah cruell Dame that can dissemble so,

Fedele.

Dye poze Fedele, life thou must forgoe.

¶ What newes in your letter Sir, tell mee:

Pedante.

¶ Read it thy selfe and see.

Fedele.

Pedante readeth the Letter

La mia mala fortuna m'ha fatto d'auenire cosa che meglio farebbe ch'io non fussi nata, m'incresce non poter attenderui la promessa, ma più mi duole, che mi sia tolta la commodita del vederui, però se m'amate, non passate mai più di qua, perche sarete causa della mia rouina.

This is strange vpon strange, your dayes are out woone,

,, My fortune is such, that it had been better for mee

I had neuer been woone.

Pedante in  
terprets the  
Letter.

,, I am soze that I can not stand to my woord:

,, And moze soze, that fortune to mee will not your presence afford.

,, Sith I am rob'd of your company whome moste I desire:

,, If you loue mee come no moze this way,

for breeding my trouble, and kindling of fier.

Here is a sleeues answer with all my hart,

You haue your errand Sir, now when you wil you may departe.

¶ It cannot bee, but that Victoria hath an other loue:

Fedele.

Therefore I purpose presently, her priue sleights to proue.

¶ You are the fearfullest gentleman that euer I knewe:

Pedante.

It is impossible that should be true.

Your owne doubtfullnes tangles you still in the briers,

Did I neuer teach you: That a woman denies that in shewe,  
which in deed she desires.

Are all those horrible othes which so oft she hath swoone,

Any likelihode that she would leaue you forloone?

Remember her teares and her pitifull looks:

If she loue you not still, I dare burne my booke.

¶ No no, her othes and teares, and looks, and all thou canst repeat Fedele,

Cij.

were

# A Pleasant Comoodie

Were but as shadowes finely cast, to couer her deceit.  
But sith I finde her as shee is, I will reuenge the wrong:  
O, dye the death in this attempt, because I liue too long.

Pedante.

¶ You are too hasty a Soldier, too the battaile to goe,  
If you will be reuenged ere your enemy you knowe.

Fedele.

¶ Mine enemies I purpose straight to try,  
Hide thee within some priuie corner heer:

Be dilligent to mark who passeth by,

And if that any other man appeere

Either to enter, or to issue out,

Mark what he is, and put mee out of doubt.

Pedante.

¶ Farwell Sir, commit the care to my hande,

As close as I can, in this place I wil stand.

Unseen vnto any, yet be wing of all:

A pretty scowfe set to take a knaue in a pit-fall.

Wonder come some, whatsoeuer they bee,

Stand close Pedante, that no body see.

Exit.

Actus secunda.

Scena secunda.

Enter Medusa, Victoria, and Attilia, disguised like Nunnes,  
with lighted Tapers in their handes.

Crack-stone listes vp his head out of the Tombe, and ducks  
downe againe, speaking this as followeth.

Crack-st.

¶ A rope on these passengers, I am in a miserable plight,

I think I shall not get out of this place this night.

Medusa.

¶ 'Tis almoste one a clock, the fittest houre to binde the Sprites:

And compas euery thing, that best may further your delights.

Victoria.

¶ Then let vs goe.

Pedante.

¶ O che cricca di vacche? what cattell haue we heare?

Be they women, or deuils in the likenes of women that appeare?

Attilia.

¶ Mistres take heed we be not spide, for that may breed vs harme:

Victoria.

¶ No, no, but like a sorte of Nunnes vnto the Church we swarme.

Medusa.

¶ Enter the Chappell, we will make as though we ment to pray:

Victoria

¶ Heed good Medusa.

Pedante.

¶ Ah miserable Pedante, would I were away,

3



Of two Italian Gentlemen.

I quier so fast, that I feele no ground:

This a company of witches I hould forty pound.

¶ When begin you sweet hart?

¶ Make haste you had need,

The day will appoche, and the night gon with speed.

¶ A rope on them all, they goe a catter-walling I trow,

Whome they meane to torment I would gladly knowe.

¶ This water and this oyle I haue, is coured as you see,

In the name of those Sprites that written on this Image bee.

Now must I write the name of him whom you so much doe loue:

Then binde these sprites, him to the like affection for to moue.

I charge you as you meane to purchase fauour in his sight:

And by the vertue of mine art, tell me his name aright.

¶ Fortunio.

¶ Whats he that doth my maister Fedele disgrace,

And this is Victoria disguised in place.

¶ Your name vpon the brest, his on the forehead must I write,

Then coniure, now it is the stillest time of all the night.

¶ Doe so.

¶ I coniure thee thou warden Image heere,

By Venus fruitfull wombe that Cupid bare:

That in Fortunios name thy force appeare,

To comfort sayre Victoria ful of care.

That by the vertue of mine Art thou be:

In this her griefe a present remedy:

I coniure thee Fortunio at the length,

By head, eyes, eares, thy liuer and thy hart:

Thy Guttes, thy vaines, flesh, blood, bones, sinewes, strength,

Thy lights, thy lungs, feet, hands, and euery parte.

That presently thy brest be set on fier:

And all thy bowels boyle with hot desire.

Look that by night thou take no quiet rest,

By day thou lothe thy comfortable food:

Let euery ioy be daggers to thy brest,

See, heare, and touch naught that may doe thee good.

Till fancy make thee for a louer meet,

And throw thee down before Victorias feet.

Look that she neuer passe out of thy minde,

Victoria,  
Attilia.

Pedante.

Medusa.

Victoria.  
Pedante.

Medusa.

Victoria.  
Medusa.

But

## A Pleasant Comoedie

But paint her heavenly face in euery thought:  
 Loue her aboue all Creatures of her kinde,  
 Prosper not, till by thee her ioyes be wrought.  
 But waste as this melts at the candles flame:  
 Amen, fiat, fiat, in Cupidoes name.

Victoria. ¶ What haue you done and is the Spirit come by that you do call?

Pedante. ¶ The greatest Feend of hell come and take you all.

Medusa. ¶ With oyle of Virgin ware I thee annointe,  
 And signe, and marke thee with the holy Crosse:  
 In Venus name, I water euery ioynt.  
 That loue by thee may neuer suffer losse.

Victoria. ¶ Now haue you done?

Medusa. ¶ It must be prickt, and set in greater heat:  
 Then the Spirits bound, before it do the feat.

Attilia. ¶ Make haste.

Medusa. ¶ I Coniure you yee Sprites, whose names are on this Image  
 And now rehearse you one by one, in order as you sit.  
 Nettabor, Temaptor, Vigilator, Somniator, Astarot, Berliche,  
 Buffon, Amachon, Suchon, Sustani, Asmodeus.

Pedante. ¶ Ottomanus, Sophye, Turke, and the great Cham:  
 Robin godfellowe, Hobgoblin, the deuill and his dam.  
 O vi possono portar in precipitio.

Medusa. ¶ I coniure you, you foule infernall knot of baser Sprites,  
 By the moste Mighty power and force of that great God of loue:  
 Bothe by the Bowe and dreadfull dint of all his feathered flights,  
 And by his wingges, and by the smoake of louers scalding sighes.  
 And by the smart and sorowe, that this troubled dame doth proue:  
 By all the Planets that our hartes, to hate or liking moue.

By the desires of her that hath Victoria vnto name:

By Venus fillet, and the goulden pleasures of her game.

Break loose I say, and trudge with hasty foot out of your denne,  
 Hunt and pursue, besturre your selues to seek Fortunio out:  
 Forsake with speed the stinking fogge of that your ugly femme,  
 Possesse, and chace him, see that you returne no more again,  
 Till you haue brought him down and humbled him, if he be stout,  
 Drive him with your tormenting gnawe, the Citie round about.  
 Goe make his bed of Thistles, and his seat of pricking thorne:  
 Untill you bring him better vnto her that is forlorne.

Haue

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ Have you down Medusa?

Victoria.  
Medusa.

¶ Now must I stick a needle in his hart,  
And prick him with the point, before we parte.

¶ I pray you prick him well.

Attilia.  
Medusa.  
Victoria.

¶ If that I strike the needle through, the gentleman will dye:

¶ Then spare him good Medusa, touch him tenderly.

Heer they throw their candles into the Tombe where Crack-  
stone lyeth.

¶ Now haue I down, follow and throw your Tapers out of hand, Medusa.  
Into this Tombe that as you see, hard by vs heer doth stand:

Set fier vnto their feet, and toast the corles of the dead,  
That long haue slept within this place since they were buried.

¶ But will this make him come, and then submit him selfe to mee? Victoria.

¶ Mistres it wil, and you sh'euent therof shall shortly see: Medusa.

Crack-stone riseth out of the Tombe with one candel in his  
mouth, and in eche hand one. The women and Pedante fly,  
crying the deuil the deuil. The women let fall the Image, and  
Crack-stone taketh it vp:

¶ All is mine, ho, ho, ho. All is mine,  
Diuils were smocks, in this latter time.

(seen: Crack-  
stone.

Such sights, as among the bones of the dead in this Tombe I haue  
Would haue made any man but my selfe,  
out of his wittes to haue been.

God Lord: once me thought I saw my Grandam trot round about  
me in her gray peticote and her red cap,

Peuer since I was bozne, was I taken in such a trap.

Another time me thought I saw the soules,  
of all them that died for loue,

Cry out vpon Lady Vengeance, one that was such a fair  
woman as nothing could moue.

Little Cuprit him selfe in the bottome of hell:

Curst fayer Lady Pilcher, for burning his skin with a Lampzell.

This coniugation put me in a terrible feare,

If it had continued longer, Termagant, Rawhead, Roste-meat, and  
Eatbread, and all the armies of Deuils had been heer.

Whats this? somewhat I perceauie they haue let fall for haste,



## A Pleasant Comedie

An Image in waxe very pretely caste.  
 Fortunio is written in the forehead of the same,  
 And iumpe vpon his belly Victorias name.  
 This falleth out very well for me,  
 I'll sende this to Fedele that he and Fortunio the same may se.  
 This will make them to hate her wonderfully,  
 When shall I haue her in spight of the pee.  
 What haue we here? a needle in his heart,  
 And names of Augrem writte round about it with Margaris arte.  
 Nettabor, Temptator, Vigilator, and Buffon.  
 They come, they come, they come, tis time to be gone. Run away.

Actus secunda.

Sena tertia.

Enter victoria and Attilia.

- Victoria.** ¶ In such a feare at rising of the spirites we all were cast,  
 That being scarde, we lost our way and Image too at last.  
 I maruell where Medusa is?
- Attilia.** ¶ Shee toke her to her heeles,  
 And time I trowe, for all þ world me thought did rine on wheeles,
- Victoria.** ¶ With this enchanting takes no place, go seeke Fortunio streighte,  
 And tell him that to speake with him his pleasure I do wayte.  
 A worde or two will serue my turne, goe seeke him out of hand,
- Attilia.** ¶ Where shall I seeke him? for I knowe not where his house doth
- Victoria.** ¶ By þ Piazza, there I am sure þ thou shalt see him walke, (stand.  
 Spending the time with one or other of his friends in talke.
- Attilia.** ¶ I goe. Exit.

Actus secunda.

Sena quarta.

Enter Fedele whispering with Pedante.

- Victoria.** ¶ I was so troubled in my minde, with fright of sudden feare,  
 That yet I feele my sinewes shake, and tremble euery where.  
 Alas looke where Fedele comes, I cannot scape vnseene,  
 He is importunate, I knowe not how to ridde me of him cleene.
- Fedele.** ¶ Ah cursed dames, their loue is like a flame,  
 Quiuering in th' Ayre betwæne two blastes of wynde,  
 Bozne here and there, by either of the same.

Pet

of two Italian Gentlemen.

Yet properly to none of both enclinde.

Hate and disdaine is painted in their eyes,

Deceit and treason in their bosome lies.

Their promises are made of brittle glasse,

Grounde with a fillop to the finest dust,

Their thoughtes as streaming riuers swiftly passe.

Their wordes are oyle, and yet they gather rust.

Their vertues mount like billowes to the skyes,

And vanish straight out of the gazers eyes.

True are they neuer founde but in untrueth,

Constant in naught, but in inconstancie,

The common foes of weale, and fluddes of rueth.

Deuouring cankers of mans libertie.

Here doth the staine of modestie abide:

And shrowdingly desires her selfe to hide.

But get thee straight to Sir Fortunio.

Will him to come and speake a word with me,

Haste and poste haste with speede see that thou goe,

That he this treacherie may quickly see.

Meane while on her whole face beginnes to glow:

The burden of my brest I meane to throw.

¶ Then take you this Image of ware that you see,

Crackstone the Captaine deliuered it to mee.

Being his turne as he said for to watch this night,

And breaking by sentinel when it began to be light.

This Image he tould me in the streete he founde,

Lying harde by the chappell vpon the grounde.

This is the same that was made to inchanter Fortunio,

Beholde it and see whether I say trueth or no.

¶ He plowghes the seas, and fishes in the lande,

And loseth all the labour of them both,

He fondly reares his fortreffe on the lande.

That buildes his trust vpon a womans troth.

But get thee hence about thy businesse,

That I may talke with this my good mistresse.

¶ A Dio.

¶ Well met good Sir Fedele, whats the cause

Of these your troubled lookes that I beholde,

D.ii.

Pedante.

Fedele.

Exit. Pedante.  
Victoria.

What

# A Pleasant Comedie

What rain is threathed by these stormy slawes:

Which by your gate, and gesture you unfold:

Is loue the spark that kindels all this fier:

Do you lack the fruit of your desire?

Fede.

The cause that sets my gestures out of frame,  
Is in your selfe if you do search the same.

Victoria.

And why good Sir?

Fede.

What make you heer so early in the street?

Victoria.

My longing thoughts did prophesse, that heer I should you meet.

Fede.

Not mee but Sir Fortunio: you know this I am sur: Shew her  
And what by magick you haue don, his fauour to procure. the Ima  
I neuer thought so fayre a dame, had been so soule within, ge.  
But sith continued seruice, had no force thy grace to win:  
Be sur vnthankful wretch, perjur'd and mosse disloyall dame:  
I will not rest, before I bee reuenged of the same.

This to Fortunio presently I purpose shall be shewn:

And open bryte of thy reproche, throughout the Citie blown.

All that in Naples dwell this day, shall wonder at this deed,  
And euery wounding tung shall make thine honoz now to bleed.

My selfe will help to teare the hart, out of thy body quick,

And giue thy crimson coulered blood, vnto the dogs to lick.

So liuely wil I blaze thee out, to euery gazers eye:

That though thy carcas rot and waste, thy shame shall neuer dye.

As busy will I bee to plague thee more then is exprest:

As thou wast cunning to deceiue the man that lou'd thee best.

Victoria.

I think you are disposed to iest, and make some triall heere,  
How trimly you can tread aloft to thunder in mine eare.

For when I slide into my selfe, and there examine well,

What I haue don, I finde I neuer from Fedele fell.

And yet I see your hart still woakes, by which I do suspect,  
Some Sicophants would make you, your Victoria to reiect.

But patience is a vertue, as the worthiest wits do say,

My loue to you, deserues not that you vttered heer this day.

Fede.

Nes that, and more, in thee's no trueth, loue, faith, nor loyaltye,  
But lies, dessembling, falshood, hate, sin, shame, and sorcery.

Bestur thy selfe, enchaunt, and coniure now and do thy worst,

The day thou knewst vs both, shall shortly be by thee accurst.

Victoria.

I am not priuy vnto this, nor know Fortunio.



of two Italian Gentlemen.

Oh poore Victoria thou art caught, alas what shall I do?  
 How counsaile me Attilia, Attilia, is not heer:  
 Where be my gallants now, will not Crack-stone appeare?  
 Now is the time for the Crack-stone my hart to gaine,  
 Oh saue my life, and him dispatch that doth mine hono<sup>r</sup> staine.  
 Do this and then I will be thine, and listen to thy sute,  
 But til that I may speak with him, tis best that I be mute.  
 Farwell Sir, be not rash, but Iudge, I cannot answere much:  
 More you shall know when time hath tried,  
 my truth by perfect tuch. A Dio.

Exit.

¶ A diauolo.

Fedele.

As I haue known thee, so shall Sir Fortunio know the straight,  
 For whome I sent, and heer he comes, whose comming I do wait.

Actus secunda.

Scena quinta.

Enter Fortunio with Pedante.

¶ Est mora damnosa, pray let vs away,  
 For yonder my Maister your comming doth stay.

Pedante.

¶ Sir Fedele God saue you.

Fortunio.

¶ And you Sir Fortunio,

Fedele.

I was so bolde to charge my man, vnto your house to goe.

Watters of waight I haue to you, of friendship to impart:

¶ My leasure serues, and I will stand, to heer withall my hart.

Fortunio.

¶ Not so, but sith it asketh time, if you will take the pain,

Fedele.

To walke with mee vnto my house, there wil I tell you plain.

Both what I saw and heard of late, which toucheth you so neer:

That you will giue mee thanks I know, when you the matter heer

¶ Goe when you please I'll beare you company,

Exeunt Fede- Fortunio.

¶ Pedante you may walke abroad,

le & Fortunio Fedele.

till Dinner draweth ny.

arme in arme.

¶ With a good wil Sir, thats the thing I desire,

Pedante.

But if I meet not Attilia, the fat is in the fier.

For my Maisters sake, I began to loue her in iest,

And may chaunce to swallow a Gudgeon in earnest.

For loue is a For, he beginneth at first by dalliance and play:

Enter Attilia.

Then encreaseeth his gettings euery day.

Oh deus adiunxit nostris sua numina votis.

Beholde I beseech you my delicate Mistris.

D. ij.

Home.

A Pleasant Comedie

Somewhat hangs in the winde, that makes her to looke so  
What ayle you swete hearte why looke you so lowe?

Attilia. My mistresse weepes.

Pedante. Heighe ho, whats the cause?

Attilia. She bade me seeke a friend of hers, with whom I can not meete,

Pedante. Apply warme clothes to her stomacke, and looke that she take no

Attilia. Are you a Whistion? (colde of her fete.

Pedante. I sozsoth soz a woman.

Attilia. So me thought by the talke, that before you did moue,

I pray Sir, what was it you sayde of loue.

Pedante. Est Deus in nobis agitante calefcimus illo.

I dare not tell you the meaning, lest I make your cheekes gloue.

But if it be true that the Poet doeth sing,

He is not a man that seales not loues thing.

I will be in loue as sone as I can,

Because I would haue euery body count me a man.

Attilia. I heard a tale of Florio, not scarce three or foure dayes passe,

And Biancofiore whose swete loue was hony to my taste.

Pedante. Is loue so delitious,

Attilia. It is, I assure ye,

Pedante. When I am in loue,

Attilia. With whome I pray thee.

Pedante. With thee my delight,

Attilia. I am sozie, you take not your marke aright.

Stande backe Pedante thou presumste, I am not as you deeme,

So quickly wonne, my name and honour lightly to esteeme.

Pedante. Discourtesie killes me. Proffer to embrace her.

Attilia. Away when I bid yee.

Pedante. Ah, Here let him counterfaite the passion of loue by  
lookes and iecture.

Attilia. Shewe all the passions that you can, yet will not I be wonne,

To serue you as a friend of mine to one of late hath done.

For louing one, as might be you, order to him she gaue,

In beggers weede to come to the doore, an almes of her to craue.

And so he did, she let him in, but what was his rewarde,

I cannot tell, hearing the tale I did not it regarde.

I gesse they drunke a posset when her mistresse was a sleepe,

Come not you so to me, our doores I purpose fast to keepe.

¶ Dauid

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

**¶** Datus sum non Aedipus, in parables now she begins to flow, Pedante.  
 I may chance to trye together I shalbe welcome or no.  
 Farewell mistress Attalia, I am to proude my selfe vnto begging to  
**¶** So continue lesse at laste you repent the same. (frame, Exit. Attalia.  
 Now he is gone, Crackstone the captaine I must finde,  
 And to bring him to my mistress straight to vnderstand her minde.  
 Long hath he sued to be her slaue, now must he shew the same,  
 And set himselfe against Fedele to remoue her shame. Enter  
Crack-st  
 Good lucke, he comes.  
**¶** Pay looke for no more Lattin now my gowne is gone, Crack-st.  
 My learning with my reparrell goes off and on.  
 I would I could meete with master Pedayntrye,  
 To knowe what his maister saith to the chauntrye.  
 I beleue it is as heauy as lead to reieste,  
 And therefore while time serues me to take the same I were best.  
 Nowe will I to winne mistress Victoria take some payne,  
 While she is quite out of fauour with them thwayne.  
 Ponders her maybe, I le salute her by and bye,  
 Mistress alice tittle tattle, well met of mine honestie.  
 How doeth your mistress.  
**¶** As well as she may, Attalia.  
 And very desirous to speake with you to day.  
**¶** What would she? Crack-st.  
**¶** I knowe not. Attalia.  
**¶** Doe you speake as you thinke? Crack-st  
**¶** I haue no cause Sir from the trueth to shrinke. Attalia.  
**¶** I knowe not what I should say, for she doeth me iniurie, Crack-st  
 What regardeth no more my seruice and bzauerie.  
**¶** Oh say not so Sir: Attalia.  
**¶** Why am I not bzane? Crack-  
**¶** Yes indeed, and a properer man she can neuer haue. Attalia.  
**¶** I will not sticke for her sake to pull Iuniper and all the gods fro Crack-st.  
 If I may see that my portnance doth please her eye. (the skye,  
 Euery woman that on earth at this day doth liue,  
 Is more beholding to me, then to her parents that life vnto her did  
**¶** Why Sir? (give. Attalia.  
**¶** They gaue them life that passeth away, Crack-st  
 And I giue them loyes that neuer decay.

Now



A Pleasant Comedie

Attilia. **Q** How proue you that:

Crack-ft. **I** am so terrebishmall and play such reakes  
when I come to the feld:

That mine enemies choise, rather to murder them  
selues then to yeld.

Wherby their Damned soules haue so pestered all hell:

That ther's no ronne left for women to dwell.

Thus being thrust out of the place that is theirs by right:

They are constraind into heauen to take their flight.

Attilia. **I** confes that this benefit is so great,

That my tung is not able your praise to repeat.

Crack-ft. **B**esides that, I haue as good luck as any man of my life,

To finde sauour and friendship in Gentle womens eyes.

I thank them they flout me to my face, when no other they mock,

This was my fathers craft, for he euer made my Mother  
to wrap mee in her smocke.

Giue me good luck and throw mee into the Seas,

Where women take a pitch, it is easy to please.

Attilia. **T**ruth Sir, but will you goe to my Mistres with mee,

Crack-ft. **W**ith an almond hart my girle I wil follow thee.

Exeunt.

The second Act beeing ended, the Consorte  
soundeth again.

Actus tertia,

Scena prima.

Enter Mistres Virginia, with Pamphila her maid.

Pamphila. **M**istresse I may, and will once more goe

seek him if you please:

Although I feare his answere wil returne you little eale.

What though he lou'd you first: you see his sute

fallles to the ground,

And by this small pursute, thinkes you are as good lost as found.

He stopeth to Victoriaes lure, but she hath cast him of,

He bolues, and creepes to her, she turnes his labour to a scoffe.

Virginia. **H**ow canst thou tell:

Pamphila. **E**uen yesterday I heard it of her maid:

Virginia. **I**f it bee so, then is hee tustly plagued from aboute,

And seales that hell of minde, which all forsake Chostes doe proue

Pe

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Yet can I not beleue it Pamphila, before I see,  
And gather by his answere, that he hath forsaken me.  
Therefore goe seeke him out againe.

Mistresse it shall not neede,

Ent. Fedele. Pamphila

Loe where he walkes as sad as though his heart within did bleede.

Steppe to him straighte.

Virginia  
Pamphila

Master Fedele, if you knew as well

To loue: and her that loues you, to reloue,

As you are skilfull in deceite to dwell.

And to torment whome you should neuer græue.

Happie were she that beares you in her breste,

Happie were you of such a pearle possesse.

What meaneth this?

Fedele.  
Pamphila  
Fedele.

Talke with my mistresse Sir, and you shall knowe,

Then to thy mistresse Pamphila, I goe.

Mistresse Virginia, what's the cause I pray,

That you did sende of late to seeke me out?

If you haue any thing to me to say,

Speake, that I may resolue you of the doubt.

Fedele, now beholde thy crueltie,

Pamphila

Her voyce is stopt, and doth for sorrowe die.

Virginia.

I neuer thought Fedele to haue founde,

Your shewe of faith in promises forgot:

Your lyking dead, and buried in the grounde,

My selfe cast off as though you knew me not.

To loue in ieste and turne it to a scoorne,

Is not the nature of a Gentle borne.

Fedele.

Mistresse, I loue you as I did before,

As dearely as the dearest friend you haue,

Or as a brother, would you any more?

Commande of me what curtesie may craue.

If Fancies lurking poyson you remoue,

And be not shipt in Seas of raging loue.

Whose great companions are discorde and wrath,

Flattery, Deceit, Treason and Crueltie:

Heuiness of minde, grief, penurie, and scathe:

Anrest, suspicion, feare, and Ielousie,

Consuming hunger, and an endlesse thirste,

A iuing death, life dying with the firste.

C. j.

¶ Ah

A Pleasant Comœdie

Virginia.

¶ Ah Pamphila, I finde thy wordes are true,  
The more in liking I did thinke him bound:  
The losse he, and hunteth after newe,  
His talke was nothing but an empty sound.  
Those vertues nowe, I see he doth despise:  
That once did painte my picture in his eyes.  
If Iustice Pallace stande aboue the skyes,  
And angrie gods doe looke into our life:  
Some plague no doubt, for him they will deuise,  
And scourge him with some storme of bitter strife.  
Although he vaunt of conquest here a while,  
Tis not praise worthy a woman to beguile.  
Come Pamphila I'le learne to set him light,  
That so dissembles with a double tongue,  
Helpe to conueighe me streight out of his sight,  
Whose wandring choyse hath done me double wrong.  
Farewell Sir, as we met, we meane to parte.

Pamphila.  
Fedele.

¶ This greeting answeres vnto his desert. Exeunt Verg. & Pam.  
¶ So quickly gone: farewell, all women for Victoriaes sake,  
And on them all for her, reuenge I meane to take.  
Busie they are with pen to write our vices in our face,  
But negligent to knowe the blemish of their owne disgrace.  
Gestures and lookes in readinesse, at their command they haue,  
Birth, sorrowe, feare, hope, and what other passion you can craue.  
Hence riseth euery cloude in loue, this breedeth all the strife,  
Snarres to our sexe, deuouring cankers, these are vnto life.

Actus tertia.

Scena secunda.

Enter Pedante with the robe on his arme.

Pedante.

¶ Ridetur chorda qui semper aberrat eadem.  
I cannot abide Sir, to harpe still vpon one string,  
It is too Cuckolike they say, one song continually to sing.  
It were good for you to learne quickly in what classe you  
should take your part,  
And be speedely reuenged on her that strikes such a dagger  
to your heart.  
Oh they are full of deceit, cogging, flattery, foisting,  
twidle-twatle, and I know not what,

This



of two Italian Gentlemen.

This Genus demonstratiuum, is such a bottomlesse sea,  
you will neuer haue done if you enter into that.

The dispraise of women is so great, that without doubt,  
All the tongnes in the world are not able to set it out.

'Tis one of my precepts, to be short and sharpe in word and bloe,  
When they anger you, bid the deuill take them all, and make no

Waste thou so neare Pedante?

(more adoe. Fedele.

I heard you well ynough.

Pedante.

I thinke I must bring you to Copia rerū againe for chāge of stusse,  
Leaue these exclamations, and crying out vpon women now,  
If you looke well to your selfe, the faulte is in you.

You would needes loue, though in your last lecture among your  
sententia, similitudines and dicendi flores.

I made you write this in your paper booke, Littere quot conchæ,  
tot sunt in amore dolores.

Thou didst in deede Pedante, and I haue not it forgot,

Fedele.

Now you finde it by prowe, I beleue you will not.

Pedante.

But let this matter passe, and tell me Sir, how with Fortunio you  
Did you touch him so neere that his heart did blæde? (speede,

Oh no, for in Victoria he hath such confidence,

Fedele.

That he excuseth her, and now mistrusteth my pretence.

What remedy then?

pedante.

I knowe not, for he saith, except that I can plainly proue,

Fedele,

That other men besides him selfe Victoria doeth loue.

He was, and is, and will be hers, so long as he doth liue,

Accidit in puncto, quod non contingit in anno, very good counsell for

pedante.

Doe you see this braue robe?

(this I can giue.

I doe, very well,

Fedele.

But why I haue brought it, you cannot tell,

pedante.

No trust me.

(Victoriaes maybe? Fedele.

Did not I tel you that for your sake I begā to curry fauour with

pedante.

In deede Pedante, I remember such a thing you saide.

Fedele

She tooke order this very day with mee,

Put on the pedante.

That disguised on this maner, as by and by you shall see. Robe.

Euen thus Sir beholde, I should come this night,

Disguised that no man might know me by sight.

And begge an almes at the doore, she would let me in straighte,

And make me a posset for my labour, that so well can waight.

A Pleasant Comœdie

We shall be as merry as cup and can, when I am once there,

edele.

¶ What's this to me?

edante.

¶ Tush take you no care:

Look that some pretty corner, by you may be espied,

Where you and Fortunio your selues may hide.

Be both of you heere about the mid'st of the night,

That when I come out, both of you of me may haue a sight.

I at departure wil bid Victoria farwell,

Commend my entertainment, and say it doth excell.

This will make him to think as soon as I am gone,

That Victoria loueth not him alone.

edele.

¶ Excellent.

edante.

¶ See what an olde for these rotten ragges shrowds,

I can play the knaue and conuay it in the clowdes.

But heare you Sir?

edele.

¶ What saist thou?

edante.

¶ Would fast Master Fortunio, til I be out of his reach,

Least he cut me in peeces when he heares me preach.

edele.

¶ Fear not, be suer he shall not stirre before I see thee gon,

Farwel, and thanks to finish this, I wil to him anon.

Exit.

edante.

¶ Adieu Sir, If Appollo the very brother of Diana and Iupiters

For the loue of a Lady that was hard to be woun.

(sonne,

Thought it no shame in a Shepheards weed,

Him selfe to debase, the sooner to speed.

Should I that am not worthy to beare out Apollos

chamberpot, think any scozne,

That these rascolly ragges by me should be worne.

So long as I do it my sute for to moue:

And further my Master with my slaueing loue.

Quod exemplo fit, iure fieri putant, Tully doth say,

Whose authoritie is a priuiledge to follow this way.

Therefore god Appollo whose erample I take,

Wouchsafe to stay the course of thy Charriot a while for my sake.

Suffer not thy horses to hasten the day,

But prolong y night, as when Iupiter thy father with Alcmena lay.

Peraduenture I may get a young Hercules as wel as he,

But for very sinne and shame too, so it should be.

If I speed wel this day, I will shut vp my schole doo euery yeer,

It

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

It shall be festinall to my Schollers, to make good chère.  
They shall play if they will, from morning to night,  
During that time, they shall not be constrained to come in my sight.  
This will be cake and pudding to them that are truantly,  
And care not how little they take for their money.

A begging Pedante, I a begging I goe, Beg at Virginiaes gate.  
Tic, toc, fate vna limosina, a vn pouverino.

¶ What holde begger haue we at the gate, Pamphila comes Pamphila.  
Art thou not ashamed to goe a begging so late? to the doore,

¶ No good mistresse, it is no shame at all, Pedante.  
But the greatest honour that vnto a man may fall.

For an Almes is a gift, and a gifte is a token of reuerence I trow,  
And reuerence is, when our superiours we know.

Thus I being presented of all men with almes as you see,  
Reuerenced of all men of force I must be.

¶ For reasoning so deeply, no Almes shall you haue, Pamphila.  
Because I will not honour such a veggery knaue. Exit.

¶ Farewell and be hangde, there I was ouer-reacht with a crokte Pedante.  
Witte bought at this rate is an excellent treasure. (measure,

Beginnings are harde, this prouerbe is olde,  
Therefore at some other bodiees doore I meane to be bolde.

Tic, toc, fate limosina: popoli mei benedetti, Beg at Victoriaes gate.  
Che iddio v' aiuterà, nelle vostre tribulationi.

Tic, toc, chi la diua ouer la fara dire, Enter Crackstone out  
Di buona morte non potrà morire. of Victoriaes house.

¶ What sturdy knaue haue we heer in the stræte, Crack-st  
To begge at this time of the night? Sirra t'is not meete.

Backe hence Sirra I aduise you, least I giue you a solwe,  
Or take thee by the heeles and throw thee ouer the howse.

¶ Good maister beate not the poore, when they make their mone, Pedante.  
T'is not long since your courage was as colde as a stone.

¶ What satyry knaue, me thinkes he doeth prate, Crack-st  
Doeest thou know to whome thou speakest, or at whose gate?

¶ No good maister, be good to me, I beseeche you, for I haue done, Pedante.  
I were best to be quiet till he be gone.

¶ We haue many good startoppes made heer in the cittie, Crack-st.  
For publishing these bargery knaues that goe vp and down idly  
See how he is scape, and shrinketh aside,



# A Pleasant Comœdie

My looks are to bigge for him too abide.

'Tis a wonder to see how they crouch where soeuer I come,

If I stande they stoupe, if I speake they are dumbe.

Mistresse Victarrogantie hath sent for me,

Her Chaplen against Fedele to be.

If I kill him for her sake, and put him to shante,

She hath promiste me her loue, to rewarde the same.

Pedante.  
Crack-ft.

Oh, Traditora.

(driven to lay out my heart in my hose,

How am I bound to Mars, y when my stomack so swelles y I am

He sowes vp my gorget with the slaughter of my foes.

I le goe put on my Horzittor, & the rest of mine Armor straight,

And here about her house for him I will waight.

Euery night she saith, he comes sneaking heer by,

But if he come now, I will handle him trimly.

Exit.

Pedante.

Goe godman Gole, prouide you, & arnie you as well as you can,

Lay about you, and play the proper man.

In tempore veni, I came hether in the nicke,

My master shall speedely heare of this tricke.

Yet will I goe foreward with my businesse as I decreede,

And trye how well of my purpose I am like to speede.

Tic toc, vna limosina al poueretto,

Date Signora per l'amour di Dio.

Attilia.

Who is there?

pedante.

Your charitie good mistresse,

Attilia.

Enter and take it,

pedante.

God rewarde you good mistresse, I will not forsake it.

Exit.

The third Act being doone, the Consort sounds  
a follemne Dump.

Actus quarta.

Scena prima.

Enter Medusa and Pamphila:

Happy is I trust that Doctors soule by whom I learnde,

This famous Arte, and easely by it my liuing earnde.

That he knew how deere his life and learning was to me,

And y he could but for his death my grieve and sorrowe see.

pamphila.

Medusa, if I did not feare my honour and my name,

Would soone be lost hereby, and turne my credite into shame.

I would become thy Scholler, but I blush to speake of it,

¶ Po

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ No Pamphila, for such a mistress thou art farre brist.  
What talkst thou of thy name, and honour likely to be lost,  
By learning of myne Arte: which should be hoord of the moste.  
And more esteeme then Phisike.

Medusa.

¶ Why?

Pamphila.  
Medusa.

¶ That's easy to be proued,

For, as by Phisikes learned skill, diseases be remoued.  
So by my cunning, euery smarte that doth afflict the minde,  
I sput to chace, for euery grieffe, a remedy I finde.

‡ And haue you any salue for loue?

Pamphila.

¶ I haue.

Medusa.

‡ Whereof is it made?

Pamphila.

¶ Of diuers things, simple, and mixte, according to my trade.

Medusa.

¶ Then if for loue, or mony, you will graunt me my requeste,  
Let me once by your cunning see, my mistress haue some resse.

Pamphila.

¶ Whome serue you then?

Medusa.

¶ Forsooth, I serue mistress Virginia.

Pamphila.

¶ Yet farther, let me craue your name.

Medusa.

¶ My name is pamphila.

Pamphila.

¶ What's her disease?

Medusa.

¶ Nothing but loue.

Pamphila.

¶ How fareth she with it?

Medusa.

¶ Sad, sicke, and soze, with sorrow pinde, and dispossesse of wit.

Pamphila.

¶ Whome loueth she?

Medusa.

¶ Fedele.

Pamphila.

¶ And how long hath she bin so?

Medusa.

¶ I know not, yet I gesse, that she sickned a yere agoe.

Pamphila.

¶ What if I helpe her? tell me who shall please me for my paine?

Medusa.

¶ My selfe, because vnknownen to her, I seeke her health to gaine.

Pamphila.

¶ A louing seruant, goe thy wayes and leaue it all to me.

Medusa.

But harke thee.

¶ What?

Pamphila.

¶ Let me haue passage to her lodging free.

Medusa.

What when she little thinkes thereof, my Medcins I may make,

By vertue of the which, her wounded heart may comfort take.

The lesse she lookes for remedy,

the more is her delight, when t'is obtaynde.

¶ Then let's be gon.

Pamphila.

¶ Content,

A Pleasant Comœdie

Medusa. ¶ Content, for it is night.  
And yonder comes Fedele with Fortunio hand in hande,  
To shunne suspect, they shal not see vs talking here to stāde. Exit.

Actus quarta.

Scena secunda.

Enter Fedele and Fortunio together.

Fedele. ¶ Come Sir Fortunio, now is the time to put you out of doubt,  
Whether Victoria loue you, or your dealings doe but floute.  
Here let vs shrowde our selues a while, that standing out of sight,  
We may perceiue what louers haunt Victoriaes house by night.

Fortunio. ¶ Agree, this is the fittest time to passe the stræte,  
And giue her musike at her windowe, for a gallant meete.

Fedele. ¶ Whist, for her doze beginnes to creake,

Fortunio. ¶ It doeth in deede. Enter Pedante disguised, comming forth

Fedele. ¶ I see. of Victoriaes house.

Fortunio. ¶ A man me thinkes, let me goe.

Fedele. ¶ Stay Sir, be ruled by me,

Pedante. ¶ A delicate Victoria so long as I liue,  
For this entertainment, great thanks will I giue.  
The remembrance of the swætenesse of this night so well past,  
Will feede me with hony whyle my life doeth last. Exit.

Fortunio. ¶ A villane, let me goe Fedele, let me goe I say:  
I will reuenge this iniurie before he get away.

Fedele. ¶ Not so, for raising of a tumult in the stræte so late,  
And troubling of the watche that stande armed at euery gate.

Fortunio. ¶ Out strumpet, I will make thee now a mirrour to this towne,  
A pointing stocke to euery one that passeth by and doونه.

Fedele. ¶ How will you be reuenged?

Fortunio. ¶ By sword, and sheathe it in her breste,

Fedele. ¶ Be not too swift to serue her so, I thinke it were not beste.

Fortunio. ¶ And why?

Fedele. ¶ Because that if you kill her, then your selfe you doe defame,  
Discredite her, and put her house, and kindred vnto shame.  
Thus you shall euer walke in feare of those you neuer sawe,  
Besides, her friends will trippe at you, by danger of the lawe.

Fortunio. ¶ How shall I be reuenged then?

Fedele. ¶ Giue her a Fico out of hande,



Of two Italian Gentlemen.

¶ So should I scape, but the reuenge in little steele would stande. Fortunio.  
For she should die, and none should know the villainie she did,  
But euery tong ere long shall talke of that, that I haue spide.

Some other way I will deuise,

¶ Doe so, for I le be gone.

Exit. Fedele.

¶ And I will see what this Victoria saith to me anon,

Fortunio.

Who is there within?

Knocke at her doore.

Actus quarta.

Scena tertia.

Enter Victoria and Attilia to Fortunio.

¶ Mistresse, beholde Fortunio.

Attilia.

¶ I come to him, welcome good Sir.

Victoria,

¶ Out Hypocrite, no, no,

Fortunio,

How do you like your other loue?

¶ I like of none, but you.

Victoria.

¶ Tush, holde your peace, I had as line you tolde me that it shew.

Fortunio.

Euen now came one out of thy house, who bidding thee farewell,

Triumphed of thy courtesie, and said it did excell.

¶ Come hither mayde, what haue you done? tell me,  
why doe you weepe?

Victoria,

¶ 'Tis no matter mistresse, you thinke I let in my companions  
when you are a sleepe.

Attilia.

¶ But seeing you haue no better confidence in me,

Pay me my wages, I le be gone, your seruant no longer will I be.

Seeing you goe about, me so much to disgrace,

Prouide for your selfe, I can haue more wages in another place.

¶ Peace peeuish soule, I thinke not so, yet let me aske I pray,

Victoria.

Because to slander me, you heare what Fortunio doeth say.

¶ I force not what he saith, I know my conscience to be cleare,

Attilia.

¶ And so is mine, although so stoutly he reprove me heer.

Victoria,

¶ When had I neither listning eares to heare, nor eyes to see,

Fortunio.

Si the they faile not, I le credite them, and giue no heede to thee.

But trust to it, and loke for it, thou shalt repent at last,

That ere thou bleard'st Fortunioes sighte with such a iugling cast.

¶ It booteth not to speake to him, he is in such a heats,

Victoria.

But I durst lay my life Fedele wrought this feate.

¶ It may be so.

Attilia.

¶ Thy fallshood and thy Sozcerie, at length I haue perceiue,

Fortunio.

F. f.

But

A Pleasant Comedie

- But by thy subtle traine, no longer will I be deceiue.  
**Attilia.** ¶ I said, it was Feddes deede, but Crack-stone is too slow,  
 To cut him off, before this rumors rote beginne to grow.  
**Attilia.** ¶ Distresse, I'll seeke Crack-stone, and haste him to the deede,  
 Els I perceiue that very ill, your selfe is like to speede.  
**Victoria.** ¶ Doe so, and till I see Fortunioes angry mode be past,  
 'Tis best out of his presence to conueighe my selfe in haste.  
 Farewell Sir Fortunio, thinke as you finde me. Exeunt Victo.  
**Fortunio.** ¶ I will, and will reuenge it as farre as you binde me. & Attilia.  
 I've hartlesse wretche, slowthfull, and that that's more,  
 Yet unreuenged, why did I stay my hand?  
 Why did I not her faithlesse body gaze?  
 Whiles in my power before me she did stand.  
 Why did I not so to fulfill my bowe:  
 Doe that, which none would coner nor allowe:  
 Her treason makes my raging thoughts to swell,  
 Beyond the boundes of all humanitie,  
 Her fallshode drives the Furies out of hell.  
 To practise straunge and extreame crueltie.  
 Yet neither rancoures force, nor ougly fiende,  
 Hath scourge ynough for such a double friende.  
 But yet before reuenge my farie take,  
 I'll offer service to Virginia.  
 Least euery dame here after me forsake,  
 When it is knowen how I bled Victoria.  
 Good lucke, Medusa heere me thinke I see,  
 A cunning broker, very fit for mee.

Actus quarta.

Scena quarta.

Enter Medusa, with a Pedlers Basket vnder her arme,  
 to Fortunio.

- Medusa.** ¶ Pytoyle so great, rewarde so small,  
 that euery man doth giue,  
 Hath made me weary of my trade, vncertaine how to liue.  
**Fortunio.** ¶ Well met Medusa, whether goest thou with thy packe so late?  
**Medusa.** ¶ I was abroade to sell my wares, at euery Ladies gate.  
 But being ouertaken thus by night, I hie me home,

Will

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Will Fortune send a better market, for the woꝛke is done.

¶ What hast thou sold?

Fortunio.

¶ Nothing but woꝛdes,

Medusa.

¶ What hast thou got?

Fortunio.

Nothing but winde:

Medusa.

¶ That market thou mightst well haue kept,  
and yet haue left thy Packe behind,

Fortunio.

¶ Not so, for by the carriage that within my  
prettie Packe I haue,

Medusa.

I enter in those Ladies chambers,  
that I finde both fine and braue.

And vnder colour of the trifles I beare about to sell,

I pleade for such as you good Syr,  
that feele by loue the force of hell.

¶ What hast thou there?

Fortunio.

¶ Calles Corgets, Beares, Powders to make a Ball,

Medusa.

Vallentia Gloues, and Venice Rolles,

to rubbe the teeth withall.

Laces, Purles, Rings, Buskes, Wipers, and Glasses fine,

Bracelettes, Perfumes, Stilled waters, Sops in wine.

Pinnes, Bodkins, Staies, and other kinde of stufte,

No more but tell me what you lacke,

and you shall haue ynough.

A thousand knackes I haue,

to vtter, which I must be slow,

Because they are so secret, as becomes not you to knowe.

¶ Neither am I importunate, to wꝛing it out of thee,

Fortunio.

¶ Yet must I craue thee now, to shewe thy selfe a friend to mee.

¶ Wherein?

Medusa.

¶ Euen in the loue that I to faire Virginia beare.

Fortunio.

¶ I doubt it is too harde a taske, she loues Fedele so,

Medusa.

That she by no meanes can be wonne, Fedele to forgo.

¶ Yet doe thy best, to moue my sute.

Fortunio.

¶ The best I can I will,

Medusa.

And ransacke euery corner of my wittes to shewe my skill.

Either it must be done by craft, or Magicke, which you please,

¶ By Craft, or Magicke, which you liste,

Fortunio.

so I may purchase ease.



A Pleasant Comedie

Medusa. Sir, first by deere I he trie how I can bring the same about,  
If thistles doe faile, Enchaunted herbes shall put you out of doubt.  
I will vnto her lodging straight, and stay your conning there,  
Within an houre or halfe, to followe, see you doe not feare.  
Ile tell her that I meane to bring Fedele to her bed,  
When lightes are out, and sleepe is crept into her fathers head.  
When you are in and halfe vnbaste, a tumult will I make,  
And call her father vp, you in her chamber there to take.  
You know age will suspect the worst, and when he sees you so,  
Will force you then to marrie her, whether shee will or no.  
Besides, when that the brute heer of is blowen in euery place,  
Fedele and all other suters, will forsake the chace.  
Loe, thus by subtiltie you shall possesse the dame you craunde,  
And yet by me when all is tolde, her honour shall be saunde.  
This is as well as can be wisht, depart I pray thee straight.  
I goe, forget not you to come.

Exit.

Actus quarta.

Scena quinta.

Enter Fedele with Pedante, and with them, two  
Watch-men with Billes.

Fortunio. Upon thee will I waighte.  
See where Fedele comes, because he shall not me suspecte,  
I will anoyde the streets a while, that nothing me detecte.

Exit.

Fedele. And is it so Pedante?

Pedante. It is as I tell ye.

Attilia tolde me, that her mistresse had made a request,  
To Crack-stone, to sheathe his sword in your brest. (tent,  
Besides I goe as you knowe, disguised to the house for an other in-  
I sawe him come thence, bragging what he would doe,  
in the streets as he went.

Fedele. Alas poore soule, I know he dare scarce looke a fye in the face,  
But seest thou this? I will prouide my Captaine to disgrace.  
Come on my friendes, goe you and set this net at the Lanes end,  
For when he comes, my sword vpon this Gallant will I bend.  
And crye aloude arme, arme, as though our enemies had the wall,  
He hearing this, will take his heeles and let his anger fall.  
We will pursue him so, that we will drive him to the net,

When

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

When he is in, pull you the roddes, for that same purpose set.  
And make him fast, then will we leade him hampred in the same,  
With mirth and glée about the towne, to put him to the shame.  
Goe set it vp.

We will.

Ah, Sirra, I perceiue we shall goe a battosoling this night,  
I would y<sup>e</sup> Captaine would come, that of this pretie sport I might  
Whisse, not a worde, for he is at hande, (haue a sight. Fedele.  
Come let vs both priuily in ambush stande.

Watchme  
Pedante.

Actus quarta.

Scena sexta.

Enter Captaine Crack-stone, armed like a Champion.

Crack-st.

How shall my valerositie appeare vnto all,  
How I can kill men, and serue a woman at her call.  
My greatest grieve is, that in doing this feate,  
I am sure my honour will not be so greate.  
As when I giue a charger to my foes in the open felde,  
Or put Citties into sackes, and make thousandes to yelde.  
To bring Fedele to the Counter, is but to fight with a lie,  
There is neither praise, pride, nor prouidence in the victorie.  
Therefore take heede Crack-stone what you doe,  
You hazarde your good name, your honour standes on tip toe.  
To kill a Gentlemā y<sup>e</sup> neuer ought me malice, is more the crueltie,  
And to kill him for a woman, will bring me vtterly to infancie.  
Shall I kill him then? peradventure yea: shall I let him go?  
Peradventure I may, peradventure no.  
Oh single deuise, here is a braine I beleue,  
Able to shoote birdboltes of inuentiōs, from my head into my sleue.  
I will make a great noyse before Victoriaes doore in the strēte,  
As though at this present with Fedele I did meete.  
Then will I runne to her house amayne,  
And make her beleue that Fedele is slayne.  
Then before that she heare any newes of his life,  
Ile haue her to the Priest, and make her my wife.  
Haue even at it as well as I can, Fight with the Ayre.  
Ah Villaines, thus many of you set vpon a naked man.  
Draue on my good fellows and spare not, strike home,  
Ah cowardly Dastardes, so sone be you gone?

F. iij.

I Arme,

A Pleasant Comedie

Fedele.

Pedante.

Fedele.

Pedante.

Fedele.

Crack-st.

Pedante.

Arme, Arme, Arme.

Kill, kill, kill.

Do to me with Crack-stone.

Give me a Bill. Heere Crack-stone runnes into the net, Fedele

Followe, followe. after him, leauing Pedante on the stage.

Out alas where am I now?

Haste ynough by this time I trow.

Is this my lusty kill Cow, that will eate vp so many men at a bit,  
And when he deales with a shadowe will not stand to it?

Enter Fedele and two or three other, leading Crack-stone  
in the net, singing.

**B**E still my mates, that keepe the gates,  
When euery watch is set:  
Your lucke is naught, your freendes haue caught,  
Your Captaine in a net.

Heigh ho Crack-stone, heigh ho Crack-stone.

A Nodie, a Nodie, a Nodie, we haue,

Heigh hoe, Crack-stone, lustie and braue.

‡ Now souldiers all, forsake the wall,

Your foes haue got the towne,

Manhood is fled, God Mars is dead,

Your Captaine is a clowne.

Heigh ho Crack-stone, Heigh ho Crack-stone,

A Nodie, a Nodie, a Nodie, we haue,

Heigh ho Crack-stone, lusty and braue.

Victoria

put at her

windowe.

Fedele.

Attalia, come hither streight, some skurre is in the stræte,

He thinks I heare the noise of men, and trampling of their fete.

Ah Sir, you meant to kill me you, to please Victoria,

But now I trust to make of thee a poore Crack-stone, if I may.

Crack-st.

If that victorious Prince of battaile god Marche-beere, had not  
I had made you euery one into corners to creeze. (bene a sleepe,

It is the Fortune of warre, lucke runnes not euer to one side,

Therefore I am content the prickatorie to abide.

I am not strong Sampier to bzeake out of your hands,

But oh y some little hogry House, would gnaw a sunder my bāds.

I would giue you such a frezado, or cāuazado, take which you please.

As should be small to your comfort, and little to your ease.

Pedante.

Oh what this Captaine would do, if he were out of his skin,

Till



of two Italian Gentlemen.

Will his courage be cooler, I pray you holde him in.  
**Attalia.**  
**Mistresse,** I can not tell what is best to be saide,  
 Once moze I perceiue you are betraide.  
 I see that Fedele and his friendes haue your Champion beset,  
 And now both to his shame and yours, he is caught in a net.  
**Art thou sure that it is so?**  
**Victoria.**  
**Have an eye to the ende.**  
**Attalia.**  
**Now let vs shew him to Victoria,** his dearest friend. Here they  
**Fedele.**  
**Then let him be led through euery streete in þe towne,** bring him  
**Pedante.**  
**That euery crackrope,** may throw rottē eggs at þe clown. singi<sup>ng</sup> vn  
**to Victor.**  
**Fedele.**  
**Hoe, Victoria if þe be awake,** rise & looke out I pray,  
 windowe. **Crack-st.**  
**The hunt is vp,**  
 And soles be fledg'de befoze the perfect day. Shrinke in & looke  
 out againe.  
**Victoria.**  
**Who calles?**  
**Fedele.**  
**See the Champion,** whome you set to murder me,  
 This deed throughout the Cittie, shortly shall dishonour thee.  
**Out, I desie him.**  
**Victoria.**  
**What sayest thou Attalia?**  
**Fedele.**  
**He is a knaue,** I denie him. **Attalia.**  
**Thou art a Drabbe and a Queane,** if my name be Crack-stone, **Crack-st**  
 I was requested to this, both by thee and Victoria. (you say?)  
**Attalia.**  
**By my mistresse and me good man Coward,** doe you know what  
 Take þe Sir, your face was not washte yester day. Emptie a chā-  
 ber pot on his  
**Crack-st**  
**A rope on all whores,** will you drinke any Ale,  
 I thinke she crownde me with a pottle of stale. head.  
 This drinke was ill brewed, and might haue bene sparde,  
 The very graincs of the Palte, stickes fast to my bearde.  
**Pedante.**  
**You will tell me moze anon,** when euery maide in this towne,  
 Hath emptied her almes box on the top of your crowne. (me go,  
**Crack-st**  
**Alas good maister Fedele,** as you are a Gentleman, no farther let  
 I shall be chok'te with this dole, if you handle me so. (other mē are,  
 Consider I am a man, subiect to þe same pressing-yrōn of þe minde þe  
 For the loue of a woman, ouerwhelmed with care.  
 I confesse I am as you are, flesh & blood, and loued Victoria so well,  
 That I could haue bin content for her sake, to haue gone quicke to  
 Therefore forgiue me, and if I take not your part, (hell.  
 and be reuenged vpon her, befoze I doe rest,  
 Set the gun-shot of tyrannie to the bulwarkes of my breste.

Cut

A Pleasant Comedie

Fedele.

Pedante.

Fedele.

Pedante.

Fedele.

Crack-st.

Pedante.

Arme, Arme, Arme.

Kill, kill, kill.

Dotome with Crack-stone.

Giue me a Bill. Heere Crack-stone runnes into the net, Fedele

Followe, followe. after him, leauing Pedante on the stage.

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Faste ynough by this time I trow.

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When euery watch is set:  
Your lucke is naught, your freendes haue caught,  
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Victoria

put at her

windowe.

Fedele.

Attalia, come hither streight, some sturre is in the streete,

He thinkes I heare the noise of men, and trampling of their fete.

Oh Sir, you meant to kill me you, to please Victoria,

But now I trust to make of thee a poore Crack-stone, if I may.

Crack-st.

If that victorious Prince of battaile god Marche-beere, had not  
I had made you euery one into corners to creepe. (bene a sleepe,

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Wherefore I am content the prickatorie to abide.

I am not strong Sampier to breake out of your hands,

But oh y some little hogry House, would gnaw a sunder my bads.

I would giue you such a frezado, or canazado, take which you please.

As should be small to your comfort, and little to your ease.

Pedante.

Oh what this Captaine would do, if he were out of his skin,

Till

of two Italian Gentlemen.

Will his courage be cooler, I pray you holde him in.  
 Mistress, I can not tell what is best to be saide,  
 Once moze I perceiue you are betraide.  
 I see that Fedele and his friendes haue your Champion beset,  
 And now both to his shame and yours, he is caught in a net.  
 Art thou sure that it is so?  
 Haue an eye to the ende.  
 Now let vs shew him to Victoria, his dearest friend. Here they Fedele.  
 Then let him be led through euery stræte in þe towne, bring him Pedante.  
 That euery crackrope, may throw rottē eggs at þe clown. singing vn  
 Hoe, Victoria if þe be awake, rise & looke out I pray, to Victor. Fedele.  
 The hunt is vp, windowe. Crack-st.  
 And soles be fledg'de before the perfect day. Shrinke in & looke  
 Who calles? out againe. Victoria.  
 Fedele: See the Champion, whome you set to murder me, Fedele.  
 This deed throughout the Cittie, shortly shall dishonour thee.  
 Out, I desie him. Victoria.  
 What sayest thou Attilia? Fedele.  
 He is a knaue, I denie him. Attilia.  
 Thou art a Drabbe and a Queane, if my name be Crack-stone, Crack-st  
 I was requested to this, both by thee and Victoria. (you say?)  
 By my mistress and me good man Coward, doe you know what Attilia.  
 Take þe Sir, your face was not washte yester day. Emptie a cha-  
 A rope on all whores, will you drinke any Ale, ber pot on his Crack-st  
 I thinke she crownde me with a pottle of stale. head.  
 This drinke was ill brewed, and might hane bene sparde,  
 The very graincs of the Palte, stickes fast to my bearde.  
 You will tell me moze anon, when euery maide in this towne, Pedante.  
 Hath emptied her almes box on the top of your crowne. (me go,  
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 I shall be chok'te with this dole, if you handle me so. (other mē are,  
 Consider I am a man, subiect to þe same pressing-yrone of þe minde þe  
 For the loue of a woman, ouerwhelmed with care.  
 I confesse I am as you are, flesh & blood, and loued Victoria so well,  
 That I could hane bin content for her sake, to haue gone quicke to  
 Therefore forgiue me, and if I take not your part, (hell.  
 and be reuenged vpon her, before I doe rest,  
 Set the gun-shot of tyrannie to the bulwarkes of my breste.

Cut



# A Pleasant Comedie

Cut off my Hammes hoznes, and weake into the belfrie,  
And blesse the cursed dayes of my virginitie.

Pedante.

¶ He rowles in his Retozike as an Ape in his tayle,  
Wynde and tide at commaundement, he flies with full sayle.

Fedele.

¶ So that thou seeke all meanes thou canst, Victoria to deface,  
And blaze her in eache company, and strike her in disgrace.  
I let thee goe. Let him out of the net.

Crack-st

¶ Unhodge me I pray,  
I am as wearie of my cariage as a Dogge of his day.

Pedante.

¶ Slacks the cordes there my masters giue him sea-rome in haste,  
Close ayre is not holosome for Gallants to taste.

Crack-st

¶ Now I beginne to feele my heart by little & little rise out of my  
Pet the sente of this water, is still in my nose. (hole,

Pedante.

I thinke I am the perplexionablest man that liues at this day,  
For I would faine be reuenged of Victoria, and I know not which  
¶ Follow my counsell, and be ruled by mee, (way.  
When shalt thou see Captaine, what I'll doe for thee.  
I'll teache thee a way, to crye quittance with her befoze it be long,  
And make her recant her chatering at window with an other song.

Crack-st

¶ Gramercy Pediculus, thou art the comfortablest fellowe  
that euer I did see,  
I thinke thou wast borne vnder some merry Planet,  
in the time of diuersitie.

Fedele.

¶ Now sith Victoriaes name is like for euer to be lost,  
Further reuenge I will not seeke, as I to her did bosse.  
Because that as my selfe vniustly seru'd Virginia.  
So am I now iustly requited by Victoria.  
Therefore Pedante goe, and pardon of Virginia craue,  
And tell her that I will be hers,

Pedante.

¶ What's it she would haue.  
But I beseech you Sir, tarry till the day be light,  
I am loth to goe stumbling in the streets this night,

Fedele.

¶ Then till the morning let it rest, but early see thou rise,  
And doe my message in the meekest sort thou canst deuiſe.  
¶ Meanewhyle wee'll home and take a sleepe, Exit with them that  
for I am ouer-watcht. helde the net.

Pedante.

¶ Very well Sir, beare you the net after,  
I haue some businesse with the Captaine to be dispatcht.

Now

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Now maister Captaine come with me,  
for as soone as my maister to bed I haue brought,  
You shall see what a thing for you I haue wrought.  
And because you haue determined on Victoria to reuenge your  
It must be done this night or neuer, time doe not prolong. (w2dg,  
As her flatterie this night, bring did you in bandes,  
So this night I shall deliuer her into your handes.  
¶ Then let vs away and our selues prouide,  
Thou knowest the paruerbe, no body taries for the tide. Crack-st. Exeunt.

The fourth Act being ended, the Confort soundeth  
a pleasant Allemaigne.

Actus quinta.

Scena prima.

Enter Fortunio alone.

I knowe Virginia loues Fedele best,  
Medusa likewise may be sent to flowte:  
My selfe her fauour neuer yet possesse,  
If none of these, yet all may make me doubt.  
How seruice should with bright triumphing face,  
Disperse the cloudes, that put my ioyes to chace.  
Yet if Fedele be not lik'te alone,  
Or if Medusa of true promise be:  
Or faire Virginia will be mou'de by none.  
If not all these, yet one may pleasure me.  
Therefore, to giue the watch word I'll beginne,  
Good lucke, the doore opens, I'll enter in.

Whistle:  
Exit.

Enter Atilia.

¶ Take heede Atilia, was not that Fortunio thou did'st see?  
Tis now midnight, so late abroade i'th stræte what maketh he?  
I see Pedante is not heer, I muse he meetes me not,  
A litle thought he could so soone his promise haue forgot.  
If he be maister of his word, and loue me as his life,  
The time is come to shewe the same, and take me for his wife.

Atilia.

Actus quinta.

Scena secunda.

Enter Pedante and Crack-stone with the Beggers weede.

Come on Sir apace, what makes you so slacke?  
Presently put me this Robe on your backe.

G. J.

Now

A Pleasant Comedie

Now get you by along the stræte, and be not astrayde,  
 Where shall you meete Victoria, in the apparell of her mayde.  
 Thinking you thus disguised, to be Fortunio,  
 Wery ready you shall finde her with you to go.  
 When you haue her, hold fast, for she will not resist,  
 Wooe her, wed her, bedde her, and vse her as you list.  
 Either now or neuer, your desire you shall haue, (you she gane.  
 Or be reuenged on the entertainment that out of her window to

Crack-ft. ¶ See the force of loue, how it is able for a neede,  
 To shewde a braue minde in a base kinde of weede. (name,  
 Pastter Pediculus, or Pedantonie, I am not very prospect in your  
 If this geare fall out, I shall be bound while I liue,  
 to thanke you for the same.

Pedante. ¶ I would not be he that should so couragious a Captaine,  
 and valiant Gentleman deceiue. (leane

Wherefore trie me, & trust me, for this time I purpose to take my  
 Crack-ft. ¶ Farewell little Pastrie, Exit.

If I may meete with Mistresse Victoriari e heer.  
 Thinking that Fortunio in this place, to her will appeare.  
 Either I will make her incant the former words that she spake,  
 When she desied me, & denied that she wold me to kil Fedele for her  
 Or I will backe beate her, & belly beate her too too pitifully, (take.  
 You know loue is a fire, and they say fire and water hath no mercy.  
 But first I will speake her faire, because to be plaine,  
 Commonly faire soles make wordes and perswasions to be faine.  
 ¶ Alas how long in the stræte shall I for my Pedante stay?  
 He promised to meete me heer, and steale me quite away.  
 Some body in the stræte I heare, I trust the same is hee,  
 And so I doe perswade me, by the beggers weede I see.

Attilia.

Crack-ft. ¶ I le beleue Pediculus againe another day,  
 For yonder in Alice tittle tattles parrell the Mistresse doth stay,  
 And I had some of Pediculus Schole-butter to make me a lip salue,  
 Or could but wet my tonge in his inkhorne,  
 for women will herken when we speake braue.  
 O thou that carriest a ball of wilde fire in thine eye,  
 to burne by my heart,  
 What shall I say more, to set out my smarte.  
 The time will not suffer to shew my prosperitie,

Wherefore



Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Therefore I committe you to the Gods for lacke of benitie.

-Actus quinta.

Scena tertia.

Enter Sbirri the Captaine of the watche, with some Soldiers, and  
with him Mistresse Victoria.

¶ See how Pedante counterfeites Crack-stone in talke,  
Whereby we shall escape, and thzough the watch in safetie walke.

Attilia.

¶ Captaine Sbirri, this night my maide Attilia ran away,  
Her I beseeche you, if she be not past the watch, to stay.

Victoria.

Some thing I doubt that she hath stolne, and carried to her mates,  
Therefore I pray beset the streets, and all the citie gates.

¶ Mistresse Victoria I will, but some bodie I see,

Sbirri.

¶ Steppe to them bothe and take them streight,  
for sure the same is shee.

Victoria.

¶ Come mine own Barragon,

Crack-st.

I know thou hast tarried for me all this while,

Therefore follow me streight,

least the lickorish Souldiers meete vs, and me beguile.

¶ Softe not to fast,

Sbirri.

but stay I charge you in the Princes name,

¶ God saue the Princes grace,

Crack-st.

and put his enemies to shame.

¶ We are the Kings friends,

I would you should well knowe,

Therefore trouble vs no farther, but let vs goe.

The kings head is occupied with matters of great importunitie,

I know he is not conswapted,

at this time to speake with me.

¶ We are peace-able people,

we haue no weapons heere,

¶ We are neither drunke nor sober,

nor make any stære.

Get you to your places, keepe the watch as you should,

And wee'le to our lodging you may be bould.

¶ Pay Sir, we will know your name,

Sbirri.

and eke the place where you haue beene,

G. is.

Whether

A Pleasant Comœdie

- Whether you goe, night-walkers heer are very seldom sene.  
 Crack-st. ¶ Then I pray you, what make you abzoade so late?  
 T'is longing to your office to keepe the gate.  
 As for our names, I know of no such commencement you haue,  
 Why you should be so pearchant the same to craue.  
 Attilia. ¶ We haue bin forth at supper Sir, i'the to wne with a good friend,  
 And now we are returning home, nigh at our yournies end.  
 Victoria. ¶ What Opinion, are you there indeede?  
 Attilia. ¶ My Mistresse, out alas,  
 Beholde Pedante we are tane, how shall we doe to passe?  
 Crack-st. ¶ I hold forty pound I am Anckled, I would Pediculus were heer,  
 I would méete with the scalde Squitterbe-booke for this geare.  
 Sbirri. ¶ Is this your mayde?  
 Crack-st. ¶ It is.  
 Sbirri. ¶ Lay hold on her with spéece,  
 Let vs see what Magabonde is hid within this wæde.  
 Crack-stone? Wholwe?  
 Crack-st. ¶ And wholwe tw then, did you neuer see man befoze?  
 I am not taken in deuotrie, therefore wonder no more.  
 Attilia. ¶ A halter come to him, is it hee?  
 Sbirri. ¶ Sozrie I am good Captaine, you in such a case to see.  
 Heer you are taken with this mayde, which is like to be tachte  
 Of fellonie, and accessarie you with her are cachte.  
 Crack-st. ¶ I steale nothing from women but their honestie:  
 Which is as good, as he that robbes the Printer of a Bible,  
 because he would studie Diuinitie.

Actus quinta.

Scena quarta.

Enter Fortunio running halfe vnreadie, after him Ottauiano the  
 father to mistresse Virginia, and Medusa with a spitte in her  
 hande, and to them Fedele and Pedante, with weapons in their  
 handes.

- Ottavi. ¶ Stoppe, stoppe.  
 Sbirri. ¶ What meaneth this? come bende your weapons at them all,  
 Whome shall we stoppe?  
 and what's the cause that makes you thus to call?  
 Fedele. ¶ Pedante, take thy sword, Fedele and Pedante speake out at  
 arise let's goe into the stræte, a windowe within.

Some

Of two Italian Gentlemen.

Some wondrous boyle I doubt there is,

I am so fast wrapt in the upper sheete.

Pedante.

That I can not get out, I pray you make not such haste,

Till you thinke that the hottest of the boyle be passe.

Stay Captaine, lay no handes on me, a Gentleman I am,

Fortunio

And will not flitte,

Woe worth the time that to my house he came.

Ottavi.

Ottauiano, what's the cause of your lamenting crye?

Sbirri,

Let's knowe, hath Sir Fortunio done you any iniurie?

Enter Fedele and Pedante with weapons.

Come quickly man, let's see this Pageant ere it take an ende,

Fedele.

He that breake me of my sleepe, is none of my frende,

Pedante.

Ah wretche that am I alas, and halfe vndone,

Virginia.

What strange kinde of boyle is this that is begonne?

Pedante.

Is it Fortunio in deede? This is thy treacherie, Medusa.

Ottavi.

Mine, alas good Sir, you doe me iniurie,

Medusa.

I graunt that after I had brought my young mistresse to bed,

Feeling the sleepe shut vp mine eyes,

and drooping with my head,

I laide me downe to take my rest, and so with haste forgot,

To locke the doores about the house, and how it comes God wot,

I can not tell, but when I fet a nap and woke againe,

I heard a bustling in the darke, and then did I complaine.

And cryed aloud to you for helpe, whereat immediatly,

This Gentleman withdore we him selfe, and forth began to flye.

Passer.

Pedante.

What sayst thou?

Fedele.

Your cake is downe,

Pedante.

It killes me to thinke on it: the greater my woe.

Fedele.

This is lucke nidget with all my heart,

Crack-st

I am glad, that I haue some body to take my part.

But oh that my handes were at liberalitie now to strike,

I would set my Gramariner a lesson to pike.

Ah Sir Fortunio, vse you thus the man that lou'de you best,

Ottavi.

Take him, this villainie shall not be turned to a iest.

Quiet your selfe Ottauiano, sith it is so past,

Sbirri,

The brute will not be called backe so long as life dooth last.

His punishment makes not your daughter as she was befoze,

G. iij.

But



A Pleasant Comœdie

But giue her vnto him to wife, and talke of it no more.  
His liuing is as good as yours, make vp the match with speede,

Ottauio. **I** Fedele hath no lawe, I am content, if they be bothe agreede.

Virginia. **A**las I neuer knew the man, he neuer toucht me yet,  
I loue Fedele, and he alone is for Virginia fit.

Fedele. **I**le take no wife at second hande, thanks for your curtesie,  
Let him that hath possess your hono?, weare the same for me.

Fedante. **I**n euery Tennis Court in the world, false play it is found,  
To take vp the Ball at the second rebound.

Fortunio. **V**irginia, if that you can be content,  
To like of him that loues you in his heart:  
Giue me your hand, and if your minde be bent,  
To marrie me, I neuer meane to parte.

My life, and liuing, more you can not craue,  
Remaineth yours, doe now but aske and haue.

Virginia. **I** thanke you Sir, in that it pleaseth you to vse me so,  
My promise was nigh graunted to Fedele long ago.

Fortunio. **B**ut he hath now forsaken you.

Fedele. **V**irginia, you are free,  
Assure your selfe, your marriage neuer shall be staide by me.

Virginia. **T**hen if you loue I will be yours.

Fortunio. **S**hall I haue your good will?

Ottauio. **Y**ou haue.

Fortunio. **I** loue you then, and meane to loue you still.

Medusa. **N**ow man and wife, Ottauiano hearken vnto me,  
Although this Gallant in Virginiaes chamber you did see.

Yet is her honour as it was, vnspotted by the same,  
And kept by me, which euer had regarde vnto her name.

Fortunio made his mone and said, he loude Virginia best,  
Virginia for Fedeles sake could neuer take her rest.

His minde was on Victoria, Virginia light esteemde,  
Now that Virginiaes life and libertie might be redeemde.

I brought Fortunio to the house when she was fast a sleepe,  
And close this night into her chamber both of vs did creepe.

I made him to embrace him selfe, and presently did call  
For you to come, as though some greater matter did befall.

You came, he fled, and now is taken in Fedeles sight,  
As though Virginia had dishonoured bene by him this night.

Which

of two Italian Gentlemen.

Which is not so, but this was done to blear the gazers eyes,  
 To pleasure him, and save her life, this thing did I denise.  
 O mischievous head, maister did you heare this geare,  
 Such a girle is worth golde in a deare yeere.  
 I Iple tiple, tittle, tittle este amen,  
 Such a wench is not be found in the world againe.  
 I haue heard it often, and nowe I do proue,  
 That women are suttile woymes for the connariance of loue.  
 If this be true I ioy:  
 Els take my head,  
 I came not nigh Virginia, although she were in bed.  
 Fortunio you are quitte with me, for when we lay in stowte,  
 To watch by faire Victoriaes house, who passed in and out,  
 It was my man disguise, that issued forth out of the same,  
 That for the nonce by me was set, to call Victoria by her name.  
 He went vnto Attilia, with counterfeited loue,  
 That by his meanes, from sayre Victoria I might you remoue.  
 You seeing him, and hearing when he came forth, what he said,  
 I thought he had bene with her,  
 when he had bene but with the maide.  
 Whereat you stownde, and left the chace  
 of her that loude you deere,  
 Which is no grieve at all to me, that hopes to winne her heere.  
 Wherefore Victoria now forget Fortunio which is losse,  
 And loue Fedele, who for you, yet neuer spared coste.  
 Let fall thy wrath, for giue me too, that meanes to be thine owne,  
 It is seldome seen but warres haue end, whē foes are ouertholun.  
 With you haue so preuented me, and perfect loue proteste,  
 I will put vp the iniurie, and yours for ever rest.  
 My nose is ioynted, I may goe shde the Gosling now if I will,  
 He that eats with y deuil without a long spone, his fare wil be ill.  
 What spirits of the Buttry were abroad this night,  
 I haue bene so hard harted to mine enemies,  
 that I thinke all the Gods of loue ought me a spite.  
 I graunt I am none of these fine Criminadoes,  
 that can tumble in a Gentlewoman's lap, and rumble in her eare,  
 But without bauntage be it spoken,  
 I am as good as the best at the push of a speare.

Pedante.

Crack-st.

Ottavi.  
 Fortunio.

Fedele.

Victoria.

Crack-st.

I can

A Pleasant Comedie

I can cut and slash to make mine enemies to blæde. (Aside)

And picke it proudly I tell you, when I am surmounted byon my

Victoria. Mistress Victoria, now I see this onely rests to knowe,

What shall be done vnto your mayde, or shall we let her goe?

Victoria. With Crack-stone this night, you take my maide so shorte,

To prison with her if you please, to cut off her reioyce.

Atilia. Good mistresse beare with me, I take no hurt by him at all,

But meane to tell you iustly how the matter did befall.

The Scholemaster that on Fedele euer dooth attende,

Promiſte to marrie me this night, my seruile life to ende.

Vpon whose word, from you I fled, and staide for him in the stræte

Where I against my will, with this Crack-stone did meete.

Crack-st. Botwle to thy blase, master Pediculus, I pray you take your wife,

You and I for this matter will not stande at strife.

Are you rememberde what you said when you consulted with me,

To come hether in this parrell secretly.

Pedante. What maister Crack-stone, and mistresse Atilia,

you are welcome to the buttes,

Crack-st. Welcome with a knaues name, I best rumppe your gusses.

Pedante. Why so Sir? (Should see)

Crack-st. Didst not thou tell me, that in this parrell mistresse Victoria I

This night in the stræte to be compensated of my iniurie,

Pedante. So you may if you please, take your eyes in your hande,

Turne about Sir, and see where Victoria doth stande.

And as for Atilia, as you drew, so hake,

I am not so base minded your leauings to take.

Atilia. Why maister Pedante, will you serue me for?

Pedante. I must I perceiue whether I will or no.

Crack-st. Drawe Willaine.

Shun. Soft there Crack-stone, be not too rash to proffer fight,

Whu and this mayde together in the darke were tane this night.

The matter is suspicious, sith he forsaketh her,

To take her to your wife no time you should deferre.

We cannot force her vpon him, sith she was tane with you.

And howsoeuer you cloke it, none your meeting can allowe.

Crack-st. Well sith there is no remorse of conscience to be founde,

How sith thou wilt tittle tattle,

art thou content by loue to be bounde?



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Pasqualigo, L.

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